The ROVING

WHEEL-WRIGHT's GARLAND.

2. I am a Brisk and Sprightly Lad.

3. The Malton Tragedy.

Alnwick Printed, 1791.

The Roving Wheel wright.

COME all you jolly topers,
pray hark unto a rover,
That does his money ſport
amongſt the landladies.
To each market town and fair,
through cities and ſea-ports
A drinking of good liquor,
and paying down the tees.
His mind it goes on reels,
and making ſpinning wheels,
For ladies and queens,
of every degree.
For the ſtirk and for the ſtark,
for the ale wife and her maids,
And for the pretty laſſes
In the north country.
On a ramble I was bound,
to Drogheda fair town,
To Dundeeh I ſtreght went down
to view the factories;
There I began to muſe,
ſuch as I would chuſe,

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Whether to refuſe,
or to ſweet Newry.
On my hautboy I did play,
iu the taverns all the day,
Among the fair maids
of every degree,
And there I met with Nell,
With the fire in her tail,
Which makes me now bewail
for making ſo free
I ſpeedily ſet off.
from that to ſweet Armaugh,
In Monaghon and Glaſsloch,
there my game I did play;
And at the billiard table,
no man for me was able,
With winners I did ſport,
and I ſeem'd very gay.
I Clunis there I ſported,
amongſt the maids reſorted,
Whilſt my pockets were a flowing,
with gold that was ſo bright.
From that to Inniſkilling,
where I found the laſſes willing,
With charms almoſt killing,
I rambled each night,
In the county Terroun,
there I made myſelf known,

To the girls every one,
That I was a wheel-wright;
They know me in Strawbain,
there I ſhew'd my work ſo plain,
They all applaus'd me clear,
for being a workman bright.
From that to Londonderry,
where I wrought at the Ferry,
I drank both ſack and cherry,
and beer that was brown.
My ſcore I always payed,
and never was afraid,
To kiſs the pretty maids
in every town.
From that to Colrain,
where I met the lovely Jean,
There I ſtaid three days and nights,
a drinking of wine.
From that to Bellmony,
where the laſſes call'd me honey,
I never wanted money
my ſpirits for to clear.
From that to Bellameney,
where careleſly I ſtrayed,
And drove a roving trade,
from town to town.
In Antrim and Glennary,
I play'd my hautboy gayly,

To Belfaſt all the way,
where to work I ſat down.
There I did ſtay ſporting,
each maid to me reſorting,
Till once they did begin,
to grow big about the waiſt.
There is Nancy, Kate and Polly,
with Suſan, Nell and Dolly,
They all began to challenge me,
and crave me at the laſt.
Their mothers was a bawling,
the girls was a ſqualling,
Myſelf I was a mauling,
for coming into town,
Saying begone you gallant toper,
we wiſh we had never known you
For you have expoſed our girls,
the country all round.
From that unto ſweet Liſbourn,
to view that pretty clean town,
To Lurgon and to Porty *Down*,
I then ſteer'd my courſe.
Then back to Drummore,
there I met a lovely fair maid,
That kindly did treat me,
with ale and liquor in good ſtore
I'll leave off all my raking,
and ſtay with you my dear,

My heart it is enſnared,
I will eaſe you ſaid ſhe.
You ſhall have gold and ſilver
plenty,
if you will be contented,
You ſhall be recompenſed,
for loving of me.

I am a briſk and ſprightly lad.

I Am a briſk and ſprightly lad,
But juſt come home from ſea,
ſir.;
Of all the lives I ever had,
A ſailor's life for me ſir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilſt the Boatſwain pipes all
hands
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, ſir;
In every clime we find a port,
In every port a home, ſir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are
nigh,
Each haſtens to his gun, ſir;
We make the boaſting Frenchman
fly,
And hang the haughty Don, ſir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes ſubdu'd, once more on
ſhore,
We ſpend our caſh with glee, ſir;
And when all's gone, we drown
our care,
And out again to ſea, ſir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

The Malton Tradgedy.

SINCE I am depriv'd
of my fancy ſo fair,
Farewell to Malton Lordſhip
and all the Beauties there,
The ſtreets and the broad ſtreet
I often time have trod,
But I can ſtay no longer here,

for to make my abode.
By leaving of you all,
It greives me full ſore;
But true love is one thing,
that grieves me more.
The Girl that I lov'd
I never could enjoy,
O ſuch a ſad lamentiug caſe,
would any lad deſtroy.
Fy upon this poverty,
and for the want of Caſh,
Makes many Bonny lad,
to want his bonny laſs.
The ſhortneſs of my pocket,
makes me to want my joy;
O ſuch a ſad lamenting caſe,
would any lad deſtroy.
How often is the time
I have knocked at your door
With my hallowday cloathes
all covered with ſnow.
My love ſhe's proved to me,
like the cooling of the day,
And for the ſake of my falſe love
I muſt quite away.

FINIS.

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